

plexion, skin dull and more drawn than wrinkled,
 sharply defined bone-
 structure; impeccably shaved; full, heavy hair, still
 more black than
 gray and all brushed back. Hands of a convalescent,
 very delicate,
 bloodless, very expressive. He speaks little, but in a
 deep voice that
 forces attention. A sort of clergyman's Prince Albert
 with two clasps to-
 ward the top, which opens for a necktie-scarf of black
 velvet, above and
 overflowing the collar. The simple gold slide on a
 ribbon leading to a
 watch or monocle gives a discreet accent to all this
 black. Shoes (elastic-
 sided, I fancy!) of a single piece of leather tightly
 gripping the foot,
 which I didn't like, perhaps because I had seen similar
 ones on Charmoy.
 He expresses himself in our language without a single
 mistake,
 though yet a bit cautiously, it seems, and shows a
 surprising knowledge
 and understanding of our authors, particularly our
 poets; and all this
 without self-satisfaction, but with an evident awareness
 of his evident
 superiority.

9 April

Excellent visit from Louis Rouart; I go out of my way
 to note it be-
 cause of the excessive words written above.

Read Knut Hamsun's *Pan*. Bouquet and flavor, but
 nothing but bou-
 quet and flavor. The meat is lacking. Miserable
 awkwardness and in-
 significance of the dialogues.

Hunger was far superior; or at least, given the
 special nature of the
 subject, the deficiencies were less noticeable.

After a very hot day it is cold this morning. I make
 the big circuit of
 Longchamp by way of Boulogne. Bleak heights of
 Suresnes looking as
 if deflated under the fog, ugly and sunken. . . .

I read a rather stupid article in the *Mercure* (of 16
 February) on
Salammbo and Punic archaeology. "Flaubert's error/"
 one reads, "Where
 Flaubert goes wrong . . . /* I am not convinced that M.
 Pezard, the au-

thor of the article, did not make a greater mistake
when he read *Salammbd*. An *explanatory* article on *Salammbd* would be
interesting to
write.

Last month, in Italy, I just happened to reread that
wonderful book,
which I had not set high enough in my esteem.
Childish perhaps, but
with the disarming puerility of a poet; it seems to me
that Flaubert, in
the texts on which he relies, never sought so much a
documentation as
an authorization. Through loathing for everyday reality,
he fell in love
here with everything that differed from it Does he
really believe with
Theophrastus that carbuncles are "formed of lynx's
urine"? Certainly
not! But he is delighted that a text of Theophrastus
authorizes him to
pretend to believe it; and likewise for the rest